

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.
A Magnificent Pen Picture of its
Wonders, by Talmage.

A few days ago, with lanterns, torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no light. It is stupendous place. In some places the roof of the cave was a hundred feet higher than the grotoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible heights

WHOLE NO. 330.

then	THE MEDITERRANEAN OF THE WEST.
my	The Marvels and Beauties of Puget
only	Sound.

'Kate Heath' writes from Puget Sound to the Sacramento Union: Mount Baker upon one hand, Mount Rainier upon the other, while a host of lesser elevations swing swiftly past the vision, and chains of lofty mountains cloaked in blue mist stalk solemnly across the horizon. The

nearer hills are lodged with pines that
 bristle upon their backbones like spikes, and
 at the base are dense with under-
 brush. All day we sit upon the deck
 with scarce a word to each other, and
 watch the course of the vessel and listen
 to the sharp commands of the pilot.
 "The heavens are blue, forever
 caverns, and that light rolls and tosses
 from rock to rock and from depth to
 depth, making at every plunge a new
 revelation of the awful power that could
 have made such a place as that."
 "A sense of suffocation comes upon you."
 "You think that you are two hundred an-
 fifty feet in a straight line from the spi-

melting into deep blue, and snow-white clouds resting upon the mountain tops reach up and up, as if grasping at the zenith. The water is so still and smooth, and sea weed drifts and driftings, and whale birds, perched upon a fallen stem, float away with the tide. It doesn't seem as if these waves could ever swallow the earth. The guide after a while, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you, "sit here," and then he takes you to the stern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then

low one; they lose so beautiful, so strong in their expanse, almost it encourages one to walk upon the waters. In the ship's wake they curl and twist like guarded knots of trees, like the faces that sometimes start out of clouds or air or diseased imagination, and they take to themselves the form of things seen by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection east on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in convolutions—a brilliant night heaven—and you involuntarily exclaim "beautiful, beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern and goes to the edge of the cave,

which shape you take, your changing path are when you find the road that leads to the light, this vivid, lovely glow, then, not the dull and dusty leagings of the south, but the bright, emerald shade of the north, which no speck of dust, no protruding spot of dirt can reach, washing perpetually as they are by the rest of the Pacific. What they need

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a grim cavern. They think it a thousand miles subterranean, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the centuries seem to be the falling tears that always fall and the gloom of earth.

bedu, unpolished, and undecorated—by the light laughs, the ruffles and fashionable etiquette which hover over the places of resort in the east. Seward has called the "grand sound" "the Mediterranean of the West."

We came into Seattle the other night about sundown; as pretty a little

seems coming up in significance, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the staid life, making pillars of indescribable horrors. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God. Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and

place, but upon the side of a hill, as you will find hereabout. A forest of pine trees seems, from a distance, to stand in the way of the main street, but a nearer view showed that it was but a partition between the two towns. As we approached we could see men and boys running toward the water's edge, and by the echoes in the rifts of the rocks and anemns, and all the falling waters of mountains of salvation, and after a while we look up, and behold, the cavern of the tomb has become a king's study-chamber. And while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth

the time the Pacific scrapper against the wharf a perfect sea of faces was upturned and we, not to behead, in our turn leaned over the rail and stared. It was Seattle, you will remember, that Capt. Mercer took his much-talked-of cargo of females upon the steamer Constitution some eleven years ago. In one of the

prettiest house to be seen from the wharf lives one of the ladies who came out with Capt. Mercer, now well and happily married. But that was all in the early days of Seattle. Just in the late dusk we strove away into the town, and in my memory it is devoted to cake and strawberries, shade trees and sawdust.

The Board of health of New York City has issued a circular on the subject of sunstroke, which has been printed in English and German, and is to be circulated through the city, especially among the laboring classes. To attract from the circular we add a word

garden where cherry trees no higher than my shoulder bend under a load of red fruit, and where beds of strawberries upturned to the sun and blushed beneath the glossy leaves in drops of reddened ripeness. And then we took ship again and steamed away into laziness and Georgian Bay, past Frazier

river, past Isararo Straits, past the Island of San Juan, over which England and America had such a dispute, but which King William adjudged to our United States.

Mount Baker, still now, gleams in the distance like a hale and hearty old fellow. His head is bait the time courteous.

ed in the cloud, and his sides are rubbed and scamed and covered with snow. But he reaches out and gathers unto himself a hundred little hills that nestle up to him and cling about him and take upon their crowns the snow he shakes from his shoulders, and so he lies in a great pearl set around as in a brooch

with a dozen of smaller size. Very beautiful he is to see as the evening shade falls over him, and it is as though he were gathering his mantle of dreams around him and all the world were hushed in shadow. But Rainer stands like a grand old man, a bald king in the North, Lear alone in the wilderness. Yet working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, etc.—see to it that the room is well ventilated. It works for the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat) straw, etc., and inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth

slay, Cordelia love Lear" never was without, and here upon the left of Rainsford steals timidly a little mountain, trembling and fearful, to his side and upward turns its gaze to receive a gleam of reflecting light from the snow-white crest of the King of the Olympians, who lifts his head in its pride above the mountain.

clouds, and in his grandeur swarms the mountains. Like a granite tear upon the horizon, he has been with us two days, now before, now behind, now to the right, now to the left, and again confronting us as we wind in and out and cruise about the shore. In the morning we see the red light of the sun crimson

When I hear him, he is off, proud of his terms." "I was a habit of

pressed, is had
 after a
 "Squire"
 condi-
 At the
 toward

towel or some other cloth. If there
 no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on
 head, and pour cold water on it, we
 the body. If the person is pale, very
 and pulse feeble, let him inhale am-
 for a few seconds, or give him a
 spontaneous aromatic spirits of am-
 in two tablespoonfuls of water with

"VOT YOU LIVE ON, ANYWAYS?"
 —
 A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary

current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon keeper. The note becoming due, he took it to the party and presented it for payment. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted, and the conditions settled properly, he was

on the
"Squire"
his Cobb
and cost
\$2,000

turning to leave, when the German said:
"Shoost vat von leedle whies, unt I
gis you ein glass good peer."
"No, I thank you, I don't drink beer,"
was the reply.
"Vel, den, I gis you veeskees dot ish
better as no moosh.
"No, thank you, I don't drink whis-

story of an unfortunate young man
This unlucky wight it was head over
in love with a beautiful girl, and
about to be married to her. On the
of the wedding day he was called
defend an awful miscreant—a man
thirty—who had poisoned his
and father. The case seemed a lost

"'Sho! den I know how I fix you; I haf good wines"—jerking down a bottle with a flourish.

"Again the quite, "No, thank, you, I don't drink wine."

"'Vot! you don't drink noddings; yell, I gits you ein root gear!"

and when the prosecution had closed the young lawyer was just about giving up a struggle without an effort. Suddenly he perceived in the far extremity of the court-room his beloved and her parents, who had come to see what of stuff he was made of. The presence of the one he worships changes his

Once more, "No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands, "no peeps no veekees, no vines no tobacco, no noodings—vol you live on any ways—botatoes, eh?"—Toledo Blade.

A young fellow, who was a bit of a Bohemian, fell in love with his landlady, a charming young creature; and in order that he might see her frequently, he contrived to make her call every day to take something to the wash. As chance would have it, they were separated from each other for a time, but by

and by they met again. "Have you been true to me all this time?" inquired the comely damsel. "Sec," said he, "I have worn nothing but paper collars since we parted."
